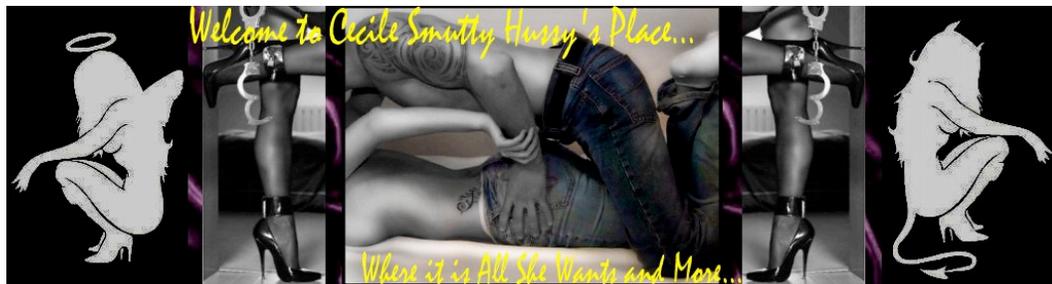




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Boxer Falls: Episode Twenty

By S.A. Meade

Well, shit.

Blake blinked in the cold, grey light.

What.The.Fuck?

Most people got to wake up to the sound of the dawn chorus, or the sound of their loved one preparing breakfast in the kitchen and the aroma of coffee drifting up the stairs. There was no dawn chorus, only Vic sleeping like the proverbial dead beside him.

The distinctive, sweet funk of sex hung in the room, the tumult of bedclothes and the discarded handcuffs gave testament to the wild night, the wildest night of sex he'd had in years.

Blake rolled over. Vic slept with his mouth open, his chin silvered by a thin stream of sleeper's dribble. At least the buzz-saw impression had stopped, replaced by steady, warm huffs of morning breath. Stubble shadowed Vic's cheeks. He should've looked like a drunken night's regret. But he didn't. There was something touchingly...vulnerable, something that triggered a whole host of memories, memories of

a younger Vic. Christ, the nights they'd fucked each other senseless. Pretty much like last night. Just the thought of burying his dick in that tight, grasping heat, was enough to get Blake ready to face the day...or at least a nice wake-up session.

There's nowhere I have to be. I can take my time. Hell, there's a lot of years to catch up on. There's plenty of games we can play.

Vic's huffs turned to a waking snuffle. His eyes flickered open. They were a tad blurry with sleep at first and then focused. A slow smile brought the dimples out of hiding.

“Hey.”

Blake shifted, pulling the sheet up over his erection. “Hey yourself.”

“That was some night, huh? My ass sure feels it this morning. You gave it quite a pounding.”

“You're not regretting it, are you?”

Vic raised his hand to Blake's face, fingers scraped across the stubble. "Hell no. I don't regret a moment. I haven't been fucked like that in years. In fact, I wouldn't mind being fucked like that again...if you're willing."

"What do you think?" Blake took Vic's hand and guided it beneath the sheet. He gasped when Vic closed his fingers around his dick.

"Well, isn't this nice?" Vic grinned and trailed his thumb along the ridge. "Early morning cock beats early morning coffee any day of the week."

"Any condoms left?" Blake was already finding it hard to speak. "I'm thinking we went through a fair number last night."

Vic rolled away and leaned over his side of the bed, his butt open to view. Blake reckoned the sight was better than any sunrise. He bit his lip and let his hand stray over one hairy globe, revelling in the warmth of his skin and the promise that waited between those cheeks.

“Here we go.” Vic’s voice was cheerful. He clutched a square of foil and the lube.
“We didn’t use ‘em all.”

“Thank fuck for that.” Blake primed his dick, thinking of nothing but that glorious, plundered ass, his for the taking again.

“Do you want to cuff me?” Vic rolled onto his stomach and grasped the bed rails, knuckles whitening.

“No.” Blake rolled the condom over his dick. “Get on your back. I want to see you when you come.”

How long had it been since he’d done that? Since he’d wanted to look a man in the face at that moment when the goods were delivered.

Vic rolled onto his back with a smile, his legs splayed. “Like this?”

“Just.Like.That.” Blake scrambled to his knees, ignoring the gentle sway of the aged mattress. He crept between Vic’s legs and leaned low, sucking at a nipple until Vic whimpered and shifted with a whisper of skin on bed linen.

He reached for the lube, smeared some over his fingers and his sheathed cock and then plunged his finger into Vic without preamble, biting his throat at the same time.

“Jesus.” Vic’s hips rose convulsively from the bed.

“You ready for this?”

“Fuck yes.” Vic’s voice was a breathless whisper. He curled his hand around Blake’s neck and pulled him close. “Fuck me.”

Blake inhaled sharply and pushed in, slowly, carefully, waiting for Vic to adjust.

“Oh yeah. That’s it.” Vic’s fingers tightened on his shoulders.

Blake pulled back and then went for it, slamming in to that refuge of hot, tight muscle until his eyes watered and Vic gasped for breath. He stumbled into an early morning rhythm, mindful of the punishment he'd doled out on that ass the night before.

Vic looked at him, surprise and pleasure in his eyes. It was enough. It was a change Blake welcomed. He'd been a selfish prick for too long.

No, Conrad wouldn't get the information he needed from him. Vic deserved better. For all his faults, there was something in him that called to Blake, something close to home, to a fireplace in winter, and cool shade in summer.

"Oh...crap." Vic's hands fell away. "Crap, crap, crap."

Blake bit his lip and stopped mid-thrust. "Are you all right?"

"What day is it?"

“Monday, it’s a three day weekend. Shit, man. I know we went for it last night, but I didn’t think I’d knocked the memory out of you.”

“It’s Memorial Day.” Vic fell back onto the mattress. “It’s fucking Memorial Day, isn’t it?”

Blake felt his erection shrink away to a flaccid nothing. He withdrew, removed the condom and tossed it into the bin with a sigh. “It’s Memorial Day, a great day for staying in bed and fucking your brains out.”

Vic scrambled out of bed, rooting through the mess of discarded clothes on the floor. “It’s the big Memorial Day picnic out at Whispering Ridge. I have to do the goddam potato salad.” He hurried into his jeans, hopping from one bare foot to the other. “Shit!”

Blake stared at him. “Potato salad? You’re making potato salad?”

“It’s Mom’s recipe. Everyone round here loves it. The Bear and Bones have been trying to get hold of it for ages.”

“So, let me get this straight. You’re throwing aside the chance of a wake-up session to make potato salad?”

Vic leaned over and kissed him, a quick smear of lips over his. “A promise is a promise. I gotta do it.”

Blake slid from the bed and searched for his clothes. “Do you want me to help?” He was rewarded with a huge, guileless grin.

“Sure you can. Wanna peel some potatoes?”

Tony kicked his way through the previous year’s fallen leaves. It wouldn’t be long before this year’s leaves covered them. There was already a hint of fall in the air, a chill in the thin mist that clung to the ground and shifted between the trees. There was that damn picnic. He didn’t want to go, but the whole town was going to be there. Maybe Phil would be there too. That was the main reason for going, in the vain hope that he’d see Phil.

His dick stirred when he remembered seeing Phil naked. God, he wanted him. He hated that just about every waking thought was about him, about giving him the best damn blow job of his life, about being fucked by him.

He had to hope that, one day, he'd get those things. But, for now, he made do with scraps and daydreams, putzing around Whispering Ridge, unplugging drains, and doing the boiler maintenance before the cold weather moved in. Well, at least it kept his mind on other things...sometimes.

Tony glanced at his watch. It was time to head back. Everything had to be ready for the picnic. The marquee company would be delivering and setting up before too long and he needed to be there to make sure they didn't pitch the damn things up in the wrong place.

He turned around and headed back for Curtain Way. It wasn't much of a walk, but it got him away from the resort for a while. It gave him time to think. Now there was a job to do. A picnic to endure. There'd be fireworks over the lake later. The firework company were setting up on the island. They'd be spectacular, according to Conrad, who claimed to have blown a small fortune on the best money could buy. Summer's last hurrah.

One or two cars headed up the road and then one slowed right down. Nothing special, a Ford or Chevy, mid-range, a businessman's car. Probably a rental because the locals tended to use cars that went in the snow. Instinct made Tony pause and hide. He didn't feel like being seen. He didn't like that the anonymous car had chosen this place to slow down. He took a deep breath and pressed back against a tree, the bark rough and cold beneath his fingertips.

Probably some asshole going to dump some trash.

Sure enough, something sailed out of the window and bounced off the verge into the trees. Black plastic gleamed in the sun. The car sped up again, tires squealing on the tarmac. The package rolled into the trees and came to rest at Tony's feet. He gave it an experimental kick, expecting to hear the rattle of tin cans or the rustle of paper.

It was solid and whatever was inside gave a little when his boot connected with it, a soft, squishy sound. Tony looked at it for a moment, hoping it wasn't a litter of kittens or something once alive.

Then there was the smell, ripe, rotten, like a garbage can that hadn't been emptied for months. A pungent mix of mouldering nasty, leaking from the tear his boot made on impact. A glimpse of something, pale like flesh, like dead flesh. Something glinted in the silvery morning light, a lifeless eye stared at him with all the passion of a dead fish.

“Jesus H. Christ.” Tony turned away and threw up. There didn’t seem to be much else he could do.

Blake watched Vic spoon the potato salad into a series of large, worn Tupperware containers. The aroma of boiled eggs and celery lingered in the kitchen, battling with the last traces of scallion and mayonnaise. It wasn’t a smell he cared much for in the morning. It reminded him of long-ago family picnics, when the old man got drunk on fortys and fell asleep under a tree somewhere. Those days always ended with him and his mother having to drag the bastard into the backseat of the car, where he’d sleep it off overnight and wake up in the morning, red-eyed and bad-tempered.

“That’s the last of it,” Vic announced, tossing the spoon into the sink with the other dirty dishes. “Thank Christ.”

Blake cradled his coffee cup in his hands and smiled when Vic sank into the seat across the table. “There’s enough there to feed the Five Thousand.” If he never peeled another potato again he’d die a happy man. The bin in the corner of the kitchen overflowed with potato peel and discarded egg shells.

“Yeah. Better to have too much than too little. Everyone loves Mom’s recipe.”

“Every family has their recipes.” Blake sipped his coffee.

Vic glanced at the clock on the wall above the kitchen window. “I guess it’s time to get dressed and drop this off. You wanna come with me?”

“To watch you get dressed? I’d rather undress you, if that’s all right.”

“You can do that later.” Vic rose. “I’d better get a move on. Last thing I need is someone on the phone nagging me for the potato salad.”

“Yeah. Okay.” Giving Vic a good seeing to later was as good an offer as he was going to get. Perhaps he’d stop by the picnic while Vic was working and see what the Big Deal was. Small town Big Occasions were always interesting. He rinsed his mug out in the sink and followed Vic into the bedroom.

“So you’ll be here tonight?” There was a wistful note in Vic’s voice.

“Sure, why not?”

Vic buttoned his shirt. “Good. I think I can summon up the energy for another round.”

Blake couldn't help himself. He put his arms around him, kissed the corner of his mouth. "You'll need all the energy you can get, big boy."

"Big boy, eh?" Vic kissed him back, a bulge already conspicuous beneath his uniform trousers.

The phone shattered the moment.

"Fuck." Vic fumbled for his phone on the nightstand. "Yeah?"

Blake watched his face turn to parchment and ash.

"Where? Curtain Way? Yeah, I'll be right there." He shut the phone and stared at Blake. "Gotta go. Someone's found a severed head in a bag."

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** Will Blake use Vic for information, or settle down to make more potato salad?*

** Will Tony ever get his appetite back? Will he finally find a man who appreciates his loyal heart and work-roughened fingers?*

** Will the big Memorial Day shindig go off without a hitch?*

TUNE IN NEXT WEEK!

Boxer Falls: The bigger they are...

Author Bio:

S.A.Meade lives in deepest Wiltshire and is pathetically happy to see rain after eight years in the desert of south central Arizona. She stumbled into writing m/m by accident when she realised that her historicals put agents to sleep. Since then she's realised she's addicted to the genre and keeps writing more dirty books. She loves cooking and eating what she cooks and shares her home with a patient husband and son and two heat-seeking cats.

You can find my books at <http://www.total-e-bound.com/authorde...>

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